

COMPOSITIONS

NAME # 2

Book 1 continued

Old Dartmouth



Historical Society

NBW 1306 B

The day before Christmas 1897 I left for Norway to join the steam whaler "Bowhead" in Sandifjord; going by the way of New York, Hoboken and then to Plymouth England on the Norwegian steamer "Iceland". From Plymouth we went to Cherbourg, France and then on to Christiania. Going over with me was a Mr. Peters, Mr. Coggeshall, Morris Nussy and Manuel "Crooked Neck".

The menu on the "Iceland" was written in Norwegian. One item on the bill of fare that we all liked very much was "Lipsa Polsa". It tasted a great deal like our American pressed ham. Later on I discovered that "Lipsa" was horse and "Polsa" was sausage. Horse (meat) Sausage. On the tables were glass decanters filled with a clear liquid we thought was condensed water for drinking purposes. It had a peculiar odor and without

sampling it we cursed the condensers on the steamer which produced such a poor quality of drinking water. Too late for a long "jag" we found out that what we thought was condensed water was "corn whiskey". When ignorance is bliss - it is folly to be wise!

From Christiania to Sandifjord it is about 50 miles. It took us about 9 hours to make the trip by rail. First they locked our baggage in the baggage car. Then they locked us in the passenger car. Finally the train started! We arrived in Sandifjord at about Sunset. The Depot was 3 miles from the centre of the town. I could speak but a few words of Norwegian but a liberal use of the good old sign language finally got our baggage locked up inside the rail

road station and we started out to see the town. Was it cold? Yes, it was cold but I have been cold a good part of my life.

We located a boy finally who quitted several times at the "Hotel" and set off at a high rate of speed. There was nothing we could do but trail along in his wake until we made Port in some sort of a Hotel where we obtained a meal consisting of black bread, more "Lipia Polska" and beer. At the completion of the meal I was made to understand that we could not sleep in this particular hostelry but would be conducted to a "sleeping hotel". Our little guide stuck to us and we stuck to him. When paid off for his services, ^{he} kept repeating "warm, warm, warm." It was warm and being tired we bedded down

right away with one feather bed under us and another on top of us. When I awoke the next morning I thought I was once more on a square rigged ship. Every where I looked I saw white canvas, rope rigging and jack stays. Well why not? We had spent the night in the drying room of a large laundry.

Early in the forenoon we were hunted down by Captain Cook and conducted over to the "Con Carlos" Hotel where we lived on the "fat of the Land" for one Krona a day. A Krona then equaled about 28 cents in American money. One cent in our money was 10 ores in theirs and a glass of beer cost 4 ores. Milk was obtained direct from the cow. The milk maid drove the cows up to the door of the prospective customer and milked

the cow directly into whatever receptacle was provided. Fish were brought around in a portable tank of water. You simply pointed at the particular fish you wanted to purchase and that fish was quickly speared, cleaned, and ready for cooking.

The Steam Whaler "Bowhead" was built to buck ice! From her cut water to her #1 frame, she was planked — first with birch plank 6" thick. Outside of this was oak planking 4" thick. Outside of the oak was 4" more of greenheart and outside of the greenheart was some kind of wood that took on a smooth glazy finish when rubbed by the ice. The old "Bowhead" could only steam about 8 miles per hour but she sure could pound ice.

Leaving Sandiford we stopped at

Gibraltar; then went on through the Mediterranean Sea and into the Suez Canal stopping at Port Said where I purchased a hand woven natural silk shawl from an Arab who pulled it through his finger ring to prove to me that it was real silk.

Once through the Canal we went through the Red Sea, Gulf of Aden and Indian Ocean, through the Straits of Malacca and Penang and into Singapore. While going through the Malacca and Penang Straits you were supposed to take on board a local pilot but seeing none handy we put a man forward to hear the lead and did our own piloting; to the amusement of the seafaring men in Singapore. Captain Cook merely said "Welcome from New -

Bedford and we go wherever we find water enough to float us!"

We were sailing under the Argentine flag because we had never registered the "Blowhead" in the United States. At Singapore we learned that Spain and the United States were at war and it was the consensus of opinion in Singapore that when we arrived at San Francisco, we would find the Spanish flag flying over that city. Captain Cook stated in no uncertain terms that if such a condition of affairs turned out to be the truth he would put to sea again and become a "Flying Dutchman" by sailing from there to nowhere forever.

From Singapore we went to Yokohama Japan. Here we had our boiler tubes cleaned by local labor. The Japanese coolies worked

for 4 cents a day American money from
Dawn to Sunset and boarded them-
selves on fish and rice. I was in Yokohama
Tobio, Nagasaki and Hakodate but I did
not like the Japanese and the Japanese did
not like me. They impressed me as
being a sly, tricky people and some day
the United States of America will have
trouble with those squint eyed heathen.
You mark my words!

From Yokohama we cruised up into
the Arctic Ocean for 4 or 5 months but
were rather unfortunate; getting only 2
Bowhead whales. Two Eskimos were
injured while cruising with us. A
cutting in pennant parted and a link of
the chain flew and struck one of them on
the thigh fracturing the femur bone. The
other Eskimo fell from the fore top sail

yard arm and suffered a fractured skull but they both recovered.

We went back to Yokohama to re-fit and here I bade goodbye to Captain Johnny Atkins Cook and in the Steamship "China" came from Yokohama to San Francisco. The "Stars and Stripes" were still flying over my Native Land and while going East across the plains by train I decided that as I had been clear around the World in a little over two years and had caught two Bowhead whales in that time I was again all through with whaling.

But —

In the Spring of 1902 I shipped as Boat Header with Captain James Tilton in the Steam Whaler "Alexander" from San —

Francisco. Sam Varnum was 1st mate.
Ben Sparks of Provincetown was 2nd mate.
He was afterwards lost in the "Brig Viola"
in the Atlantic Ocean with all hands. For
a 3rd mate we had a man named Garrin.
Jerome Lopes was 4th mate but we never
lowered him down to find out how good
a whaleman he was because he was
poor enough on deck. We enjoyed a
good catch of whales, coming out through
Behring Straights "High Hook" with 17
Bowhead whales to our credit. Bone was
very high in price and we received from
\$4.50 to \$5.00 per pound for our catch. This
voyage netted me over \$3.000 clear and
I felt better financially than I had for
years. I spent the Winter at home
with my family in Russell's Mills
And -

In the Spring of 1903 I shipped for one more cruise to the Arctic with Captain Jim Tilton. Varnum was again 1st mate, a Frenchman shipped as 2nd mate under the name of Jock Mc Hahn.

I enjoyed renewing my many friendships with the Eskimoes. They greeted me with a smile and a spoken "Soon A Keer?" Meaning - "What have you got to trade?" We had plenty of trade goods but the squaws were beginning to get educated and demanded some of the luxuries of life. For instance: - There had always been a good demand for Red flannel undershirts but this year the squaws would not trade anything for an undershirt until a pocket had been sewed on to hold the squaw pipe and smoking tobacco. Spectacles with dark lenses, German accordians and harmonicas

(1)

were in great demand and we had plenty of each and traded them for furs and whale bone.

The Eskimo manner of enjoying the music from either instrument was to sit around a whale oil lamp or a kerosene oil stove, in a circle and pass the instrument from one to another. Each individual in turn made all the noise he could until tired. Then he or she passed the instrument on to his neighbor and the performance was repeated until everybody was played out.

An Eskimo friend of mine was noted for his deer hunting ability, as well as for his frequent consumption of liquor of high alcoholic content. His last named accomplishment probably was the cause of his nick name "Jago". He could speak some English as he came down to San

San Francisco one Fall and spent most of his time, that winter, between the ship, tied up to the dock in Oakland Creek and the nearest saloon available. The Eskimos drank with the object in view of getting drunk; the sooner - the better.

While in Nome Jags was informed of the San Francisco Earthquake. He showed little concern over the matter until told how the City had been destroyed in the resulting fire, then he broke down and cried. I said to him "Jags, what for you cry like Squaw?" He replied "You say - San Francisco all burn up? Too bad burn! No more Rum for Jags now! Rum all gone now!"

The wonder of the telegraph was beyond his comprehension as was the telephone. When told in Nome that he could talk to Candle Creek over the wire Jags said "I no believe!"

If you speak um Candle Creek what for
you run ship on shore? What for you
No speak um ship and tell um keep away?"

The Eskimos believed that all sick-
ness and disease was caused by the Devil
or "Coona" and to his evil spirits entering
into the body. In order to properly serve
a writ of exorcism upon the offending
"Coona", the employment of a native Doctor
or "Antikoot" was necessary. These "Anti-
koots" were often partially blind which was
considered to be a mark of great distinction
bestowed upon them by an old man and
old woman who controlled the Universe. (I
have in my possession, on an Eskimo
Almanac, the carved figures of this
Old man and Woman.)

When an "Antikoot" cleared decks for
action he put on a hideous mask and took

a rattle called a "Gilly Gilly" in his hand to frighten the "Coona" and his Evil spirits out of the body. In cases of localized pain or inflammation - the treatment was simple. The "Coona" was in there at that particular point and a little blood letting gave him a chance to escape out through the hole made by the surgeon's knife. His exit was hastened by the "Antikoot" blowing his breath on the wound, rattling his "Gilly Gilly" over the patient and keeping up a weird chant that sounded like "Hungia Yah! Soongi Yah Hungia - Songia!"

I have seen an "Antikoot" in action for hours at a time and have a "Gilly Gilly" in my possession. It was stolen from an "Antikoots" skin tent by a Fireman on the Revenue Cutter "Bear". How I came by it and also the Almanac with the two carved figures

of the Old Man and Old Woman is another story but I acquired them honestly. They were given to me in return for services rendered.

This season we did not catch as many whales, as on the previous voyage, but came out through the "Straits" High Hook" again with the bone from 9 Bow head whales stored "between decks". Bone was still high in price and I was quite optimistic on the future of whaling. But -

By the following Spring the Steel Industry had put the Arctic Whalebone business "down and out" for good. I remained at home for a few years and paid my respects to my retired friends of the U.S. Revenue Cutter Service. They were a fine lot of men; especially Lieutenant Dodge of Fairhaven and Captain Healy.

I remember being in Nome, Alaska
"visiting" on the "Bear" when Captain Healy
received a piece of driftwood from an Eskimo
who had just brought it in. Rudely carved
on the piece of wood were these words in
English "COME TO NAVERIN QUICK VINCENT."
"What do you make of it Smith?" asked
Captain Healy. "Let me talk to the Musinka
alone," said I. This request was immediately
granted. The Eskimo told me that he had
been given the piece of wood by a white
man who was living with some Eskimoes
who were heading their reindeer on Cape
Naverin.

I told Captain Healy what the Eskimo
had said and Captain Healy called the
Chief Engineer. His conversation with the
"Chief" was direct and to the point! Said
Captain Healy "I am leaving for Cape

Naverin in half an hour! "You Can't!" answered the Chief "We have one boiler down for repairs and the fire is banked in the other one." "The Hell I can't" roared Healy "You shake up that God Dam fire and get steam up! In one half an hour from right now I am leaving here for Cape Naverin. If I have to sail and tow this old Boot all the way there - I am still going!"

True to his word in half an hour the Revenue Cutter "Bear" took her anchor and moved slowly out of the harbor. When she returned she had on board a Mr. Vincent from Martha's Vineyard who had been shipwrecked in the Arctic Ocean 7 years before and had spent the intervening time with the Esquimos. This incident illustrates why all real Arctic whalersmen

were good to the Eskimoes and tried to
make friends of them so that in an
emergency when we needed their help
there might be a chance of getting some.
In Mr. Vincent's Case this philosophy of
the Golden Rule - paid off! (With the
help of Captain Healy and the Revenue
Cutler "Bear".)

Captain Healy saved others but
Himself he could not save!

In 1907 I accepted an offer made to me to go to Durban, South Africa and join the sailing Bark "Josephine". She was commanded by Captain Andrew West of New Bedford. With him was an adopted Eskimo boy named Johnny West. Captain West had brought him down from Greenland years before. While he was called Johnny West, his mother's name was "Cooper". They went on board of Captain West's ship one day in Greenland and Captain West took a liking to the 3-year old Eskimo boy. The boy's mother was perfectly willing for Captain West to bring her son back to New Bedford where he was educated in the Public Schools the same as any white boy.

Captain West was sorely in need of Officers as Mr. Griffin the 1st mate and

George Peckham the 2nd Mate came ashore for good at Durban. The 3rd Mate had left the ship previously. I went out to go as 1st Mate. A Mr. John Matthews from the Island of Saint Antone went out to go 2nd Mate. Charles Tucker went out to go 3rd Mate. Mrs. West and her daughter Alice also went out with us.

From New York we went across to South Hampton, England in the "S.S. Adriatic" and then down to Durban South Africa in one of the Union ^{Castle} line boats; I think it was "H.M.S. Norman". We stopped en route at Madeira, Cape Town, South Africa and at Port Elizabeth.

We left Durban in the Bark "Josephine" around October 1907 and sailed for the Crozette Grounds and Islands in the Indian Ocean for a few months of 1908

Whaling. The previous season Captain West lowered for right whales on "Crozettes" 52 times and captured 8 whales. This year we saw right whales 14 times; lowered our boats down 12 times and captured 9. We left the Crozette whaling grounds in March 1908 and cruised off Zanzibar a short time while on our way to the Island of St. Helena which was the birth place of Mrs. West.

While off Zanzibar we captured a Sperm whale that made about 100 bbls. of oil. Before lowering down our boats to go after this whale Captain West gave me quite a lecture on "Zanzibar Whales". According to him a Sperm whale struck off Zanzibar just before going down for the last time during a period of Spouting was supposed to "Sound" or go down very

deep and carry off all the line carried in a whale boat. Well - I couldn't get to this fellow any sooner so just before he "turned flukes" I struck him and away went the line. Mr. Matthews came alongside in his boat and offered to bend his two tubs of whaleline onto the end of mine but I wanted to see what kind of actions these Zanzibar whales went through so I refused his kind offer and "held on". After a "Nantucket sleigh ride" we "broke our line down" and "hailed and broke down and hauled" until we were near enough to this whale to go to work on him with a shoulder bomb gun and it was all over for that day. To me he was just another Sperm whale but Captain West became rather exasperated with me when I called his great Zanzibar whale a "Rock Hopper".

We staid in port at St. Helena for a

short time and then returned to New Bedford early in the Fall of 1908. I brought back some sprouts from the willow trees that grew around Napoleon Bonaparte's tomb but they did not grow well in my front yard in Russell's Mills.

My next voyage was as Master of the Brig "Daisy" owned by Captain Benjamin Cleveland of "Sea Elephant Oil Fund". He was about the only "Shipper" to go to Desolation and South George Islands for Sea Elephant Oil.

We cleared from New Bedford Sept. 28th 1909. Joseph Belaine a Gay Head Indian went as 1st Mate. He was an old Arctic Man and a fine whaler. He should have been credited with saving the life of Captain Joseph Whiteside's wife when they were shipwrecked in the Arctic Ocean in the "Navark" for he picked her up and carried her on his back across the ice to safety.

Mr. Perry was 2nd mate, a Mr. Phillips 3rd mate and a Mr. Turner was 4th mate.

We cruised down to Trinidad Island and thence to "Tristan De Acunha". The whalers always called it "Trustens".

From Trustens we went over to Mosamedes
and "Little Fish Bay" on the Coast of Africa.
Leaving here we went to St. Helena and then
to Cape Town South Africa where I shipped
my Right Whalebone from 9 whales caught
on Trustens back to New Bedford. Here at
Capetown we refitted and started for
good old New Bedford. We "Sperm whaled it"
all the way home in earnest and entered
Buzzards Bay with a "Full Ship". Pilot
Russell Rotch of Attylunk Island took
us into the Port of New Bedford and we
all enjoyed a good feed of fresh boiled
lobsters that Captain Rotch brought on board
with him (alive and "snapping") We cooked
them in the "Try Works".

During this voyage I "gammed"
my brother Horace who with his wife
Marion was whaling in the little 2

masted Schooner "A. M. Nicholson" which was purchased from that old mackerel man "Sol Jacobs" and was converted over into a whaler by Frank Sistaire and others at the Port of New Bedford. Horace was also whaling on "Trustens"

Strange But True

My next voyage was in a Schooner; the 3 masted schooner "Mystic". I joined her in Fayal Da Horta Azores Islands. I sailed out there in another 3 masted Schooner the "Richard W. Clark" which Captain Cory commanded. My voyage in the "Mystic" was cut short by an attack of Beri-Beri. I went into the Port of Guadaloupe and leaving the Schooner there returned to New York in the steamer "Bermudian". The Doctor in the Hospital at Guadaloupe

was most encouraging in diagnosing my
malady. He said "Captain, get to New York
and into the Roosevelt Hospital as soon
as possible. You have a growth in the duo-
denum of your stomach that is enlarging
rapidly!" He did not scare me one bit! I
knew I had the Beri-Beri and began to feel
better as soon as I got a change of diet and
headed North out of that latitude. My wife
and grown up son met me at the dock in
New York.

After a hot roast beef with gravy
dinner in New York my son who seemed
a bit sober after reading the diagnosis of
the Guadalupe physician said "If you
can digest without trouble any such meal
as you have just consumed I do not think
we need to worry much about the duo-
denum of your stomach!" I was not doing

any worrying because I had seen too much "Ber-Ber" aboard ships in the past not to know what the matter was with me. So forgetting the Guadalupe Doctors advice and "steering clear" of the Roosevelt Hospital we all left for home that night on one of the New York to Fall River steamers. I think it was the "Providence"

I knew that my whaling days were over because if I ever went back in any where near the same latitudes I would be subject to a recurrence of the Tropical disease "Ber-Ber" and that the second attack would prove to be much more serious than my first. So I remained at home in Russell's Mills but later on in my life made two very short voyages.

I made the first one when Marion the wife of my brother Horace became seriously ill with Cancer. They were whaling down off Cape Hatteras in the Schooner A. M. Nicholson and Horace came into Block Island and landed his wife there for medical treatment. The doctors did not think she would live until that Fall so Captain James Avery with others and myself chartered the Ocean going Tug "Cora Staples" from the Staples Coal Co. of Fall River Mass. to go looking for Horace.

I had never before in my life gone whaling in a Tug Boat looking for a man on a Schooner, some where in the Atlantic Ocean. To the uninitiated "Green Horn" this would seem like looking for the needle in the haystack but in a few days we ~~found~~

located the "Nicholson". I went out to go Captain of the Schooner if Mr. Griffin the 1st Mate did not care to finish the voyage in command. He was persuaded however to accept the honor and we returned to Fall River Mass. This was next to the shortest voyage whaling that I ever made.

The last and shortest one was when my son and Daughter in law took me to see the Premier Showing of that moving picture "Down To The Sea in Ships" My old friend Captain Jim Tilton was in it. That picture was curiously and wonderfully put to-gether. In about five seconds they went from the Bay of Islands in New Zealand to the Horse-neck Beach, 5 miles from my back yard.

I remember that they showed a shot of a boat's crew going onto "a school" of small sperm whales and getting fast. I followed the action in the picture so intently that I must have imagined I was the officer in the stern of the whaleboat because as the boatsteerer stood up to dart his iron into a whale - I half arose from my seat and to the amusement of surrounding patrons yelled "Not that one you damned fool! Not that one!"

I have been towed around some in my life by all kinds of whales. Had one get a half hitch of whale line around my leg once and take me overboard and down towards "Davy Jones Locker" with him when he "sounded" but I never got pulled around like that boat's crew did in that picture. I guess they must have fastened onto

"Moby Dick the Second" or the Big Fish that
swallowed Jonah.

- In Memoriam -

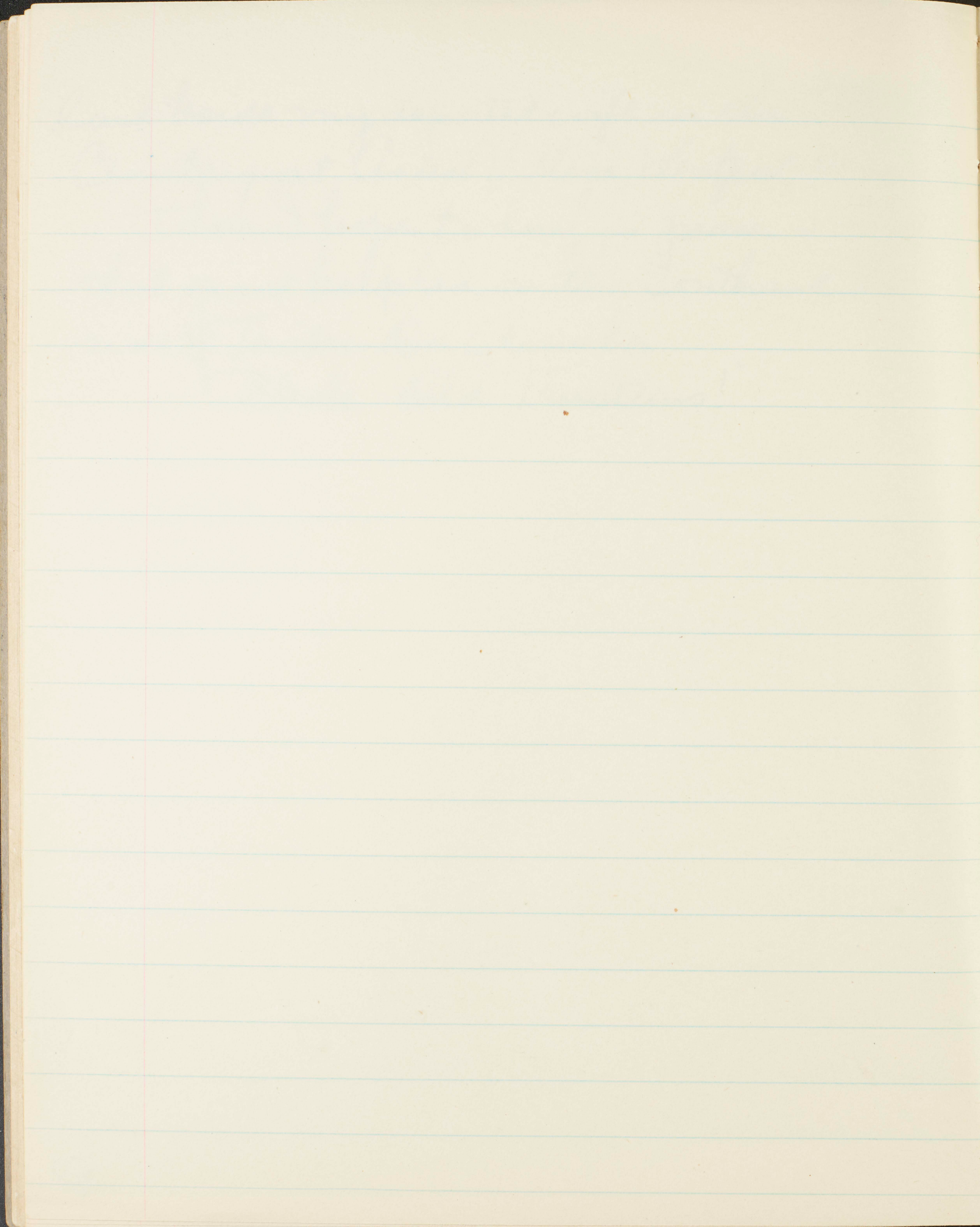
I have now reached my 85th birth
day with the full realization that there is
nothing left in life for me to do but to sit in
the Sun and smoke and Dream. Yes -
Dream of the days that are gone and will
never come again either in my life or the
life of my country. I have been a stranger
in a strange land but I lived my life
on the Level and on the Square.

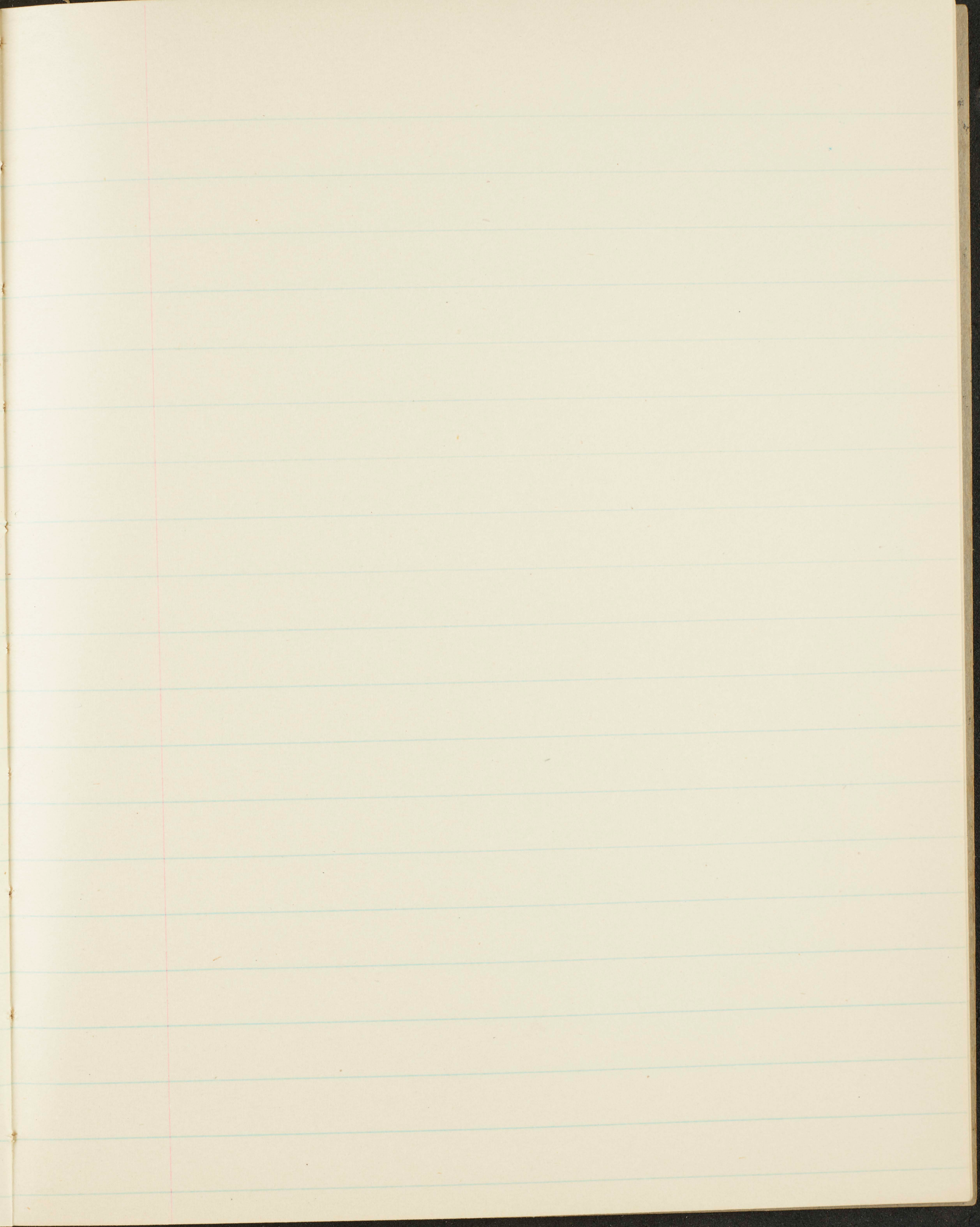
No regrets come back to haunt me
and I look forward with pleasurable an-
-ticipation to the day when I will be

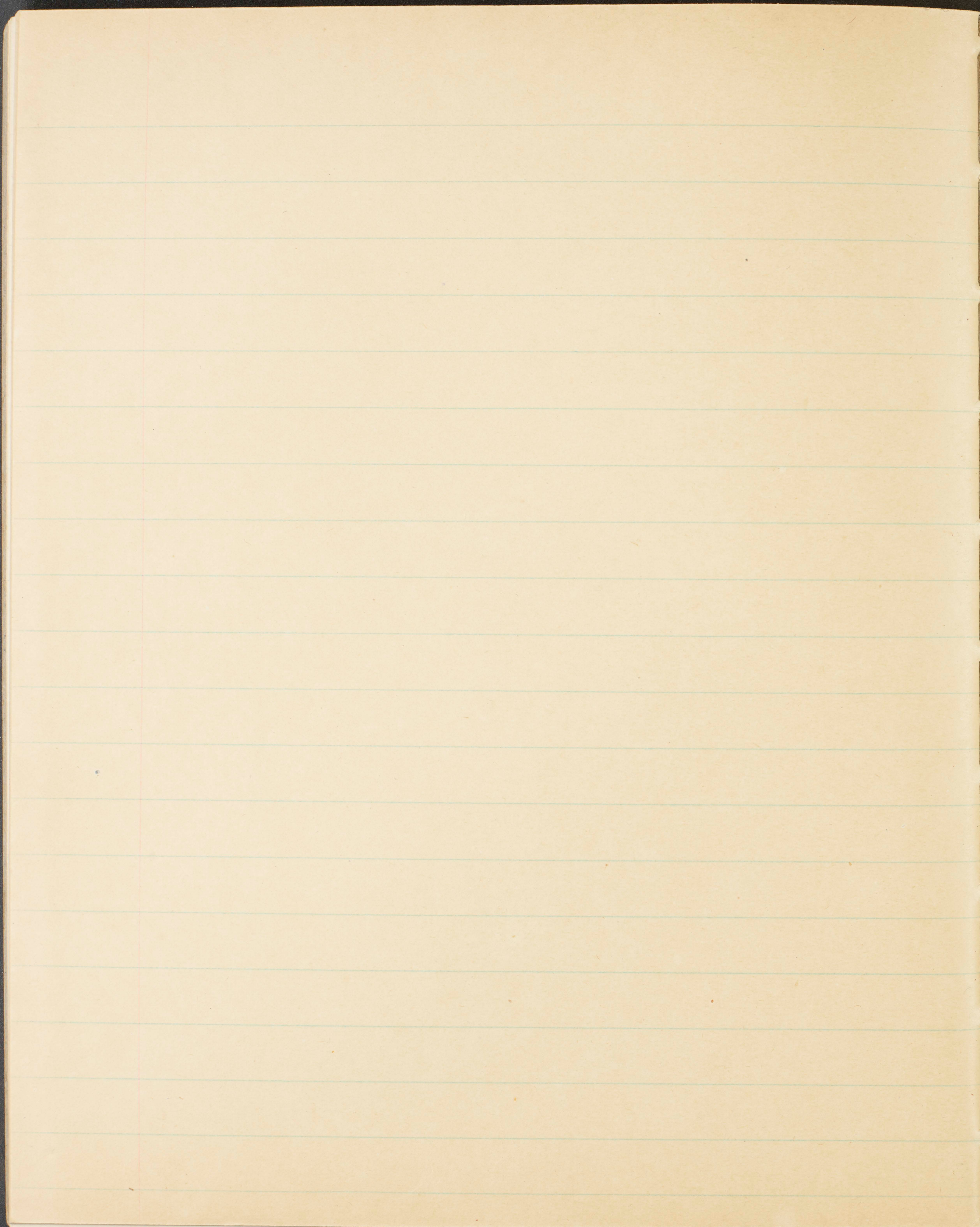
Laid beside my departed wife in the little
Cemetery at Central Village, Westport, Mass.

There I hope to lay in peace - like
that giant belp bed on the South and Lee
side of Tristan Da Cunha.

Bless Old "Trustens!"







2010.37.2

NUMERATION

Units	1
Tens	12
Hundreds	123
Thousands	1,234
Tens of Thousands.....	12,345
Hundreds of Thousands....	123,456
Millions	1,234,567
Tens of Millions.....	12,345,678
Hundreds of Millions	123,456,789

MULTIPLICATION TABLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132
12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

FEDERAL MONEY

10 cents (¢) make	1 dime
10 dimes "	1 dollar (\$)
10 dollars "	1 eagle

ENGLISH MONEY

4 farthings make	1 penny (d)
12 pence "	1 shilling (s)
20 shillings "	1 pound (£)
21 " "	1 guinea

FRENCH MONEY

100 centimes make 1 franc

GERMAN MONEY

100 pfennig make 1 mark

AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT

16 drams (dr.)	make	1 ounce marked (oz)
16 ounces	"	1 pound (lb)
25 pounds	"	1 quarter (qr)
4 quarter or 100 lb	"	1 hund. wt. (cwt)
20 hundred weight	"	1 ton (T)

APOTHECARIES WEIGHT

20 grains (gr.)	make	1 scruple marked (℥)
3 scruples	"	1 dram (℥)
8 drams	"	1 ounce (℥)
12 ounces	"	1 pound (lb)

TROY WEIGHT

24 grains (gr.)	make	1 pennweight((dwt).
20 pennyweights "		1 ounce(oz.)
12 ounces "		1 pound(lb)

PAPER MEASURE

24 sheets (sh.).....	make.....	1 quire
20 quires (qu.).....	"	1 ream
10 reams (r)	"	1 bale (ba.)

LONG MEASURE

12 inches.....	make	1 foot
3 feet.....	"	1 yard
6 feet.....	"	1 fathom
5½ yards.....	"	1 pole or rod
40 poles.....	"	1 furlong
8 furlongs.....	"	1 mile
3 miles.....	"	1 league
39½ miles.....	"	1 degree

SQUARE MEASURE

144 square inches	make	1 square foot
9 " feet.....	"	1 " yard
30¼ " yards.....	"	1 " pole
40 " poles.....	"	1 rod
4 rods	"	1 acre
640 acres	"	1 square mile

SOLID OR CUBIC MEASURE

1728 cubic inches	make	1 cubic foot
27 " feet.....	"	1 " yard
128 " ".....	"	1 cord of wood
24¾ " ".....	"	1 perch of stone

NOTE—A cord of wood is a pile 8 feet long, 4 feet wide and 4 feet high, therefore 8 x 4 x 4 equals 128.
A perch of stone or brick is 16½ feet long, 1½ feet wide and 1 foot high.

DRY MEASURE

2 pints (pt.)	make.....	1 quart
8 quarts (qt.)	"	1 peck
4 pecks (pk.)	"	1 bushel
36 bushels (bu.)	"	1 chaldron (ch.)

LIQUID MEASURE

4 gills.....	make	1 pint
2 pints.....	"	1 quart
4 quarts.....	"	1 gallon
31½ gallons.....	"	1 barrel
2 bbl. or 63 gals.	"	1 hogshead (hhd)

TIME MEASURE

60 seconds.....	make.....	1 minute
60 minutes.....	"	1 hour
24 hours.....	"	1 day
7 days.....	"	1 week
365 days.....	"	1 common year
366 days.....	"	1 leap year
100 years.....	"	1 century

MISCELLANEOUS DENOMINATIONS

12 units.....	make.....	1 dozen
12 dozen.....	"	1 gross
12 gross.....	"	1 great gross
20 units.....	"	1 score
56 lbs.....	"	1 firkin of butter
100 lbs.....	"	1 quintal dried salt fish
100 lbs.....	"	1 cask of raisins

196 lbs. make	1 bbl. of flour
200 lbs. "	1 bbl. of beef, pork or fish
280 lbs. "	1 bbl. of salt at the N. Y. State Salt Works
32 lbs. "	1 bushel of oats
48 lbs. "	1 bushel of barley
56 lbs. "	1 bushel of corn or rye
60 lbs. "	1 bushel of wheat